

The Daily Movie Magazine

CLOSE-UPS of the MOVIE GAME

By HENRY M. NEELY

Stars of the Stage Are Making This Picture

WHEN you walk into the Cosmopolitan studios in New York these days you have to pinch yourself to make yourself believe that you are really in film-dom instead of in stageland.

For the place is full and running over with actors and actresses whom you have known for these many moons and whom you don't expect to see cavorting before the camera.

They're making "The Beauty Shop." You remember it as a musical comedy sensation some years ago when it was put under the names of Channing Pollock and Renold Wolf, with Raymond Hitchcock and Laurence Wheat and a lot of others in it. Hitchcock and Wheat are both in it now as it's being made up on Second Avenue at 126th street, and there are enough stars on the sets with them to make half a dozen best-selling pictures.

And they are all having the time of their lives, too. They don't seem to think this picture business is work at all. They don't seem to take it half so seriously as the ordinary run of film folk do, but as I watched them last week I began to suspect that they were really getting a lot more done than is usually the case in a studio.

I mentioned my suspicion to one of the officials of the Cosmopolitan Company. "Yes," he said, "and you can go further than that. They're the pleasantest crowd and the easiest crowd to handle that we have ever had to work with. Troupers—that's the answer. Oldtimers who have worked their way up through the ranks and have gone through the whole mill, from one-night stands among the hills to Broadway runs."

There isn't one of them who is up-stage—and that's more than I can say of most of the film actors. Film folk are made almost overnight; they don't have the hard row to hoe that these stage people do in their early days. I mean by that, picture people are always in one city and stay with their own crowd, and that is narrowing. These people get out and hustle early in life and they have to rub elbows with every class under the sun and they've got to pretend to like it whether they really do or not. They're mixers. They're troupers."

AND that mixing spirit was very evident during the day. Stars mixed with property boys, and leading men and women chatted with carpenters and electricians without the slightest suggestion that there was any difference in status.

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK, of course, is supposed to be the bright, particular luminary of this picture. But I venture the prediction that when you see the film you will find Billy B. Van jumping up continually in such a way that you will get the impression he is the feature of the show.

I don't pretend to say that he is doing it intentionally, but it looked to me as though he was giving an excellent illustration of the art of what is technically known as "stealing the picture." And he's stealing it from Hitchcock right under Hitchcock's nose.

But Van himself is naturally so funny and his make-up and costume in this picture are so ludicrous that he can't be hidden even in a mob scene. Furthermore, he isn't trying to be hidden.

Did you know that Van made his first professional appearance in Philadelphia? His real name is William Webster Vandergrift and he was born in Portstown of a family which has been noted for several generations for its big dairying interests. Billy himself, under his real name, is still in that line and has a model dairy farm in New Hampshire.

Some years ago a certain J. C. Stewart was putting on a juvenile performance of "Dinorah" in Philadelphia and advertised for youngsters who wanted to appear on the stage. William Webster Vandergrift, then in short pants, was one of them. He liked the stage. He liked it better than dairying. So he stuck.

Later, as he began to see stardom ahead, he changed his name. He had to for two reasons—first, because of his family and, second, no manager would spend the money to put such a name as William Webster Vandergrift in expensive electric lights outside his theatre. This latter reason is a more potent one in the theatrical profession than you realize. Billy B. Van resulted from it. And it has been in the coveted electric lights a great many times since then.

Jim Corbett, former heavyweight champion of the world, is in the cast of "The Beauty Shop," and why they permit him to disguise himself with a lowering black wig and heavy black mustache is more than I can understand. I should think it would entirely destroy the advertising value of having him among those present.

When I saw Corbett on the set of this elaborate motion-picture studio I couldn't help thinking of the great changes that the years have brought. The first time I ever met him was when he was making his bow to the public as an actor—"Gentleman Jack." I think the name of the play was. I went up to call on him in his dressing room at the old National Theatre at Tenth and Callowhill streets, then the home of the mellowest of the old melodrama school, and I couldn't talk for the life of me make up my mind whether to take seriously his very serious talk about the serious things he hoped to do in the drama. This was just after he had lost the championship to Bob Fitzsimmons—my, my! how old we're getting to be, aren't we?

But Jim Corbett as I saw him last week in the Cosmopolitan studio didn't look five years older than the Jim Corbett I saw that night in the old National Theatre. He and Billy Van have been theatrical partners for some years now, and they're soon going into a new musical show, "The Mountain Climber."

DIANA ALLEN, of the "Follies" and the Century Roof, is another stage member of this cast, and the Fairbanks Twins, of "Two Little Girls in Blue," are taking important parts. Picture stars are Louise Fazenda, one of the best of screen comedians, who is going to beat it back to her beloved California as soon as she is free, and Montagu Love, who has long been known to all of the movie fans. Altogether, it is one of the most imposing casts I have ever seen working in a studio, and with the Urban settings, the finished product should be well worth the price of admission. But, of course, it will be many months before it is ready to be shown to the public.

What Your Favorite Film Stars Are Doing

Enid Bennett, whose latest picture, "Keeping Up With Lizzie," is now released, presented Friend Husband, Fred Niblo, the director, with a little bundle of infant femininity, which caused Fred to pass the panache.

Charles Meredith has been selected to play the male lead opposite Ethel Clayton in Miss Clayton's forthcoming picture, "The Cradle," upon which she is working now at the Lucky studio. "The Cradle" was written by Eugene Brieux, the famous French dramatist.

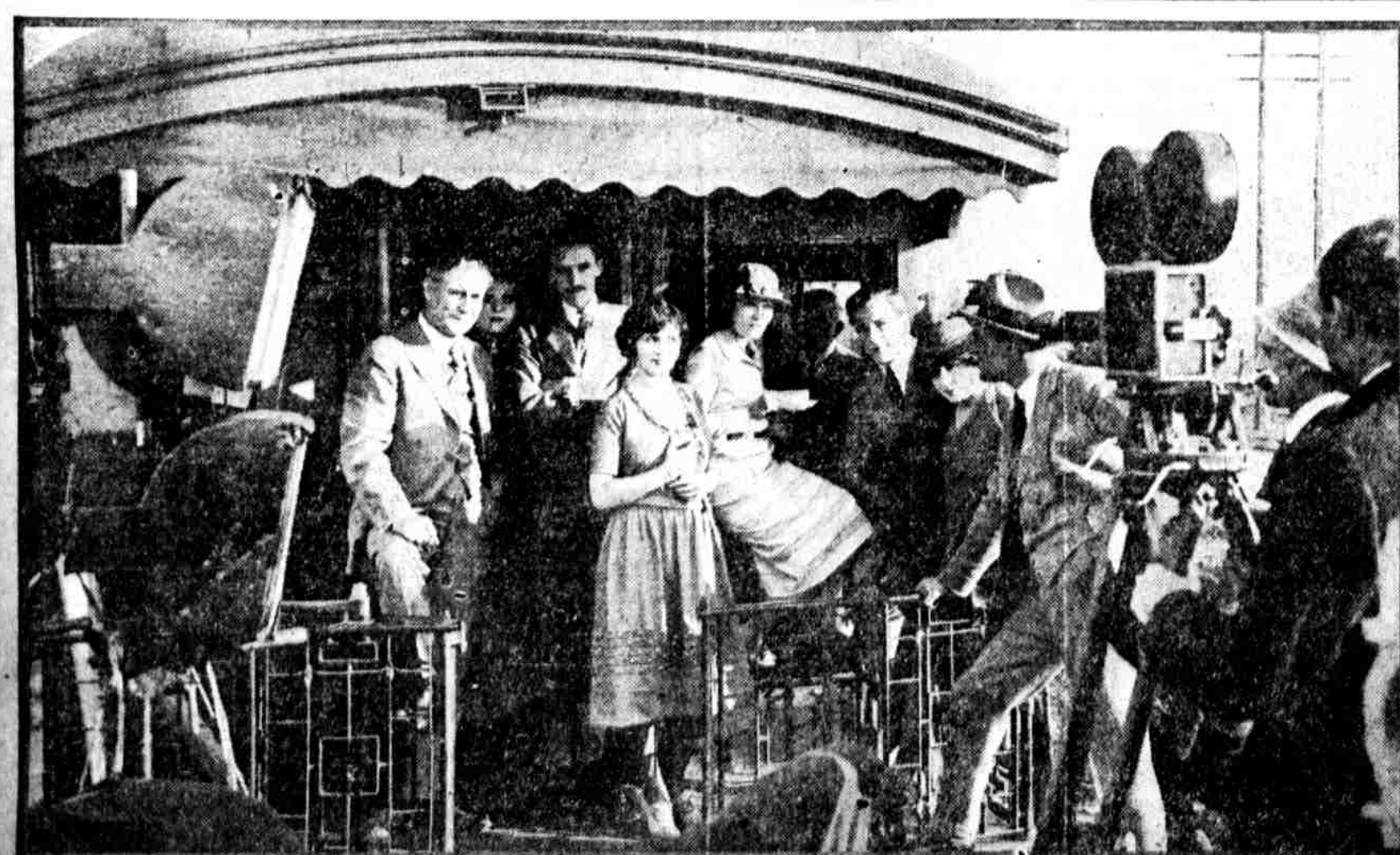
whose "Damaged Goods" created a sensation in this country a few years ago.

Lon Chaney leads a hard life. He won fame as "The Frog" in "The Miracle Man," and ever since the movie have let him act in criminal life. He will soon be seen up to something nefarious in "The Night Rose," a new Goldwyn picture.

All in a Day's Work!

Swimming in a stormy sea, climbing cliffs bare-footed, having a fistie encounter with a sailor and killing a few Chinese pirates are all in the day's work for Edith Storey—at least they were when she made her latest R-C picture, "The Beach of Dreams."

DIDN'T YOU EVER WONDER JUST HOW THIS WAS DONE?



Above is a give-away of those moving train scenes. All they do to hitch a flat-car trailer, equipped with a dynamo, on behind the rear car, put the Klieg lights in place and set 'er shoot. Simple, isn't it, when you know how?

WHO SAID THE EAST AND WEST NEVER MEET?



DYNAMITE, an aristocratic English bulldog, is the most beloved pet of Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese star, and his wife, Tsuri Aoki. They are inseparable except when Hayakawa has any violent scenes with other members of the cast. One time Dynamite joined in and wrecked a set in defense of his master. Now the dog is locked up when such a scene starts.

ETHEL CLAYTON IS TO LIVE ABROAD. GARRY IS TOLD

By HELEN KLUMPH

ENCOUNTERED Garry sauntering along Fifth avenue.

"Everybody's in town!" she exclaimed, before I could ask what she was doing there. "I've just seen Mary Pickford—yes, truly, I did see her!"

I knew that there would be no living with Garry for the rest of the day if she'd actually seen Mary Pickford, so I hastened to throw a monkey wrench into the machinery.

"I suppose you have heard that Ethel Clayton is going abroad to live," I remarked. Ethel Clayton is one of Garry's most beloved stars.

"Oh, not really," she cried. "How dreadful. Still I suppose she'll be happier over there, where there isn't anything to remind her of her husband. She'll never get over the shock of his death, I believe, you know, they told her at the hospital that he was out of danger, and she left the room for just a moment, and when she went back he was gone."

"They were so comfortable—! I think that's one reason why she missed him so. She went West right away, of course, and after a while got interested in making pictures again, but I'll never forget how hard it was for her the first time she came East afterward—all New York seemed to be haunted, she told me."

"And even this last time she was here she couldn't get over that feeling. It seems too bad—she's such a lovely looking thing, with her golden hair and big blue eyes—I can't bear to think she's unhappy. Of course, she doesn't go around mooping; she adores her own people, and she plays with her Pekinese and studies a lot and just makes the very best of things—but I don't blame her for thinking she'll live abroad, where it will be easier for her."

"NEITHER DO I," agreed. "Only

I hope she won't start the fashion. They'll all rush over there, if we aren't careful. I hear that Mary Pickford and Doug are going again—and oh, did I tell you what Dorothy Gish told me about a party she went to at her home when she was in California some time ago? It wasn't really a party—just some people there—she and Marjorie Daw, I know, and Charlie Chaplin. She said that Doug and Charlie had been giving a vaudeville show, and that Doug picked up Bennie Zeigman, his personal representative, who's a rather small man, by the collar and marched in and sat down with Bennie on his knee, like a ventriloquist's doll, and gave a marvelous imitation of a ventriloquist, with Bennie really doing the talking, of course."

"Well, I'm not green with envy of those who were there," I declared Garry, as she hailed a taxi. "I'd like to have seen it, of course, but there's just one thing I want to see before I die happy."

"What is it?" I demanded, as she climbed into the cab.

"A motion picture of Mary run off on the projection machine in the dining room of the Fairbanks home," she replied, as she drove off to have tea with Dorothy Gish—and if Dorothy is still lurching on a glass of ice tea and teeming on nothing at all, I pity her!

He's a Busy Director



RALPH INCE

One of the busiest of directors is Ralph Ince, who has made a reputation as the prototype of Abraham Lincoln in "The Land of Opportunity," and "The Highest Law" he turned to directing other actors.

He lately finished Selznick's production of "A Man's Home," and is now supervising Conway Tearle's presentation of "A Wide-Open Town." It was Ince who directed "After Midnight," with Conway Tearle, the star and Zena Keefe, leading woman, thus making it a three-star presentation.

CLAIRE WINDSOR VERY BEAUTIFUL MINUS MAKE-UP

By CONSTANCE PALMER

Hollywood, Calif.

CLAIRE WINDSOR as leading woman in an all-star cast playing "Grand Larceny," directed by Wallace Worsley. I met her yesterday and talked for a little while between her scenes. She is very, very beautiful—the sort of girl, minus the make-up, that you meet at country club dances.

She is loaned by Lois Weber to Goldwyn for this picture. She tells me that Mrs. Weber is sailing for Europe, ostensibly to rest and tour, but probably to make pictures in France and Italy for a foreign producer.

Mr. Worsley, the director, is also non-movie-looking. He might be the man who sells you your new car, or possibly who promotes new real estate divisions. I have often said that the organization reflects the head, and here is another case in point. They were held up for a time by the usual failure of the lights to light. But instead of storming around, bellowing like a blooming buffalo, Mr. Worsley sat talking quietly to first one member of the cast and then another.

Lowell Sherman, the man who along the mean eye in "Way Down East," is another case in point. The same day I saw him in "The Land of Opportunity." He couldn't seem to get much out of him. He just naturally didn't want to talk.

Elliott Dexter plays the lead, and a nice man he is. He is quiet, obliging and easy in his work, responding to direction instantly. He must have a very charming disposition naturally.

The sets for "Grand Larceny" to my mind, equal anything used in C. B. De Mille's pictures. When you see the picture compare them and remember the name of the designer—Cedric Gibbons.

CENSORS from all over the country met the producers the other night at the Beverly Hills Hotel. There were a number of speakers, the most exhaustive and exhausting of whom was Benjamin Hampton. He spoke at great length of the history of the film industry, quoting several chapters of Wells' "History of the World."

Will Rogers was next on the program. "Well," drawled Will, "folks aren't so very much interested in this here monk that lived 500 years ago. What they want to know today is—18 Mrs. Joe Martin the wife of Joe Martin?"

Ain't it the truth? Madge Bellamy, of the soulful eyes and the lugubrious manner, is leading woman for Jack Holt in his first starring picture, "The Call of the North."

They put on a regular barn dance, he and all, at Christie's yesterday. All the Christie girls were guileless in gingham. They seemed to have a lot of fun chasing a greased pig around for the benefit of the camera. Bobby Vernon and Josephine Hill were chief farmer and farmess.

Who Would Ever Pick

Pretty Agnes Ayres as

a Champion Scrapper?

AGNES AYRES says she knows just how Agnes Ayres Carpenter felt when he came from the ring after his battle with Jack Dempsey. The mild-mannered and good-tempered young woman had just gone through a strenuous battle before the camera in a scene for "The Sheik." George Melford's production of the widely read novel, and knew whereof she spoke. She was called upon to engage in a rough and tumble fight with four colored girls, who played the parts of slaves in the picture.

"I felt as if I had been through a cyclone," she said. "Miss Ayres, as she rubbed the black and blue spots on her arms. 'It was lots of sport, but—' and a very little gold more than descriptive adjectives."

"Those girls were all stockily built and all four clung to me at once. I had to throw them off. You see, it was the scene where I am held captive in the tent of the robber sheik. The slaves come in to take away my European clothes and dress me in native habiliments. Naturally I had to fight and I did. I caught one girl on the cheek with my elbow and almost knocked her out, as the sport writers say. I didn't suffer any injuries, but I have more bruises on my body than ever before in my life. I don't have the slightest idea what I did—I was told to fight and that's all there was to it."

CONFESSIONS OF A STAR

As Told to INEZ KLUMPH

THE STORY BEGINS

With the early days in the old Fine Arts studio in California when Colleen Moore, the Gish girls, Bessie Love and a host of others were not much more than extra girls, Diana Cheyne tells how she and her chum, Isabel Heath, sat lonesomely around the studio until Phil Croney, the famous director, chose Isabel to be the first of the screen's "baby vamps." They are seen together a great deal, and a scandal is created by the director's wife, Derry Winchester, a friend of Diana's, who is called on to help, and Isabel tries to "camp" him. Then Isabel announces she is to be starred in the East by Paul Marshall, and Derry goes to France with the aviation corps and Diana meets Keith Gorman, who strangely attracts her. On the eve of a romantic runaway marriage, Keith is killed in an automobile accident.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

CHAPTER XXVI
YOU can see that working with a director like that was difficult. Add to that fact another one that he was determined that I should play my part one way while I was equally determined to play it another, and you'll have some idea of the way that first week went.

"But Sheila isn't that type of girl, Mr. St. Clair," I'd protest, clutching my copy of the script. "The audience won't have any sympathy at all for her if you make me play her like that."

"Who is directing this picture, you or me?" he'd demand, rising to his full height, which wasn't much more than mine, even though he did wear French heels. "How can the heroine harmonize with the rest of the cast if you direct her and I direct every one else?"

"Well, she's not going to be a painted hussy!"

"The public likes painted hussies, if you give them the great city as a background."

It was useless to argue with him. I knew, but I kept it up. He balked me at every turn. Everything I did that would add a bit of character to the girl I was playing or would show that the circumstances of her life were slowly working in her the change that made the climax of the picture plausible, he would cut out. Don't always blame the author of a story you see on the screen when it seems absolutely impossible to you that it could ever be! It was quite all right, but the director insisted on putting in a lot of characteristic touches of his own that would stamp it as his picture, and so when the picture was cut back out the scenes which would make the story plausible in order to save his own work.

Or maybe, as happened in one case when I knew of a character who would play two parts, and so had a perfectly good story done over so that its own author didn't know it.

"Oh, Derry, I wish you were directing me!" I exclaimed one day, when things had gone awfully badly. At least we'd be in sympathy with each other."

"Well, after this picture's done may-be I can," he answered, unfolding the camp chair that had my name stamped on the back and placing it so that the blue glare of the lights wouldn't shine directly into my eyes. "What a raft of visitors over there with Sandy. And look at the cute youngster, Di—wonder who she is!"

So did I. Woman-like, I knew that she was no more a youngster than I was. I was on the latter side of my twentieth birthday yet by over a year. But since Sandy had made me a star, I'd had my sweets at my fingers' ends, not even the best of care could lift me. I loved it. You see, I simply had to make good in that first picture, and with St. Clair fighting me at every turn, it was pretty difficult.

Then, too, I'd had a hard day. I got up at 7, left home at 8 and spent an hour with my dressmaker before rushing to the studio. I didn't even make-up; even then, though I hurried as fast as I could, I kept the

people waiting who were to work with me that morning and knew that they probably thought me awfully up-stage since I was a star.

My leading man was the nicest thing in the world, and I'd played with him twice at Fine Arts, and thought everything of him and his wife. The wife was seriously ill and, try as he would, he could not keep his mind on his work. That meant that we rehearsed one scene exactly eight times—it was a long scene, too—and took it three. And in it I had to swing suddenly around from a window where I was standing, see him and fall to the floor in a faint. Just about the fifth time I hit the floor I wanted to stay there!

My luncheon was a vile concoction, sent in from a near-by restaurant; solid swimming in strong oil, flabby chicken, the oddest boiled potato I have ever encountered—I vowed to myself that the next time I had to lunch in the studio I'd install an electric grill in my dressing room and make milk toast a serious find.

Then my argument with St. Clair. Then Derry's arrival, just as we finished it—Derry, fresh from luncheon at the Friars' Club, wearing a stunning new suit, all pleased with the world. And then, just as I was beginning to feel that my very soul must be seared by the glare of the Kliegs and smudged with yellow powder and grease paint, Allen Browne of the Selznick studio, who, the Selznicks particularly, and a fortunate selection of leading lady brings Ruth Dwyer back for the first time opposite the star.

Arthur Housman also has important supporting roles. "Chivalrous Charlie" has just been completed at Selznick's studio in Fort Lee, and is now in process of cutting and editing in preparation for its delivery to exchanges as the second number in the O'Brien series. Robert Bligh directed this May Tully story and the leading woman was Nancy Deaver, who, the Selznicks force believe, will develop into a serious find.

This week production begins at Fort Lee, under direction of Alan Crossland, on "Prophecy's Paradise," a story with a Arabian locale, with Mr. O'Brien playing the role of an Arabian Prince. This will be the third release in the new O'Brien series, and the second feature of the set to which Louis Allen Browne contributed the story. Though C. S. Montanye collaborated with Mr. Browne on "Prophecy's Paradise," the three remaining pictures in the O'Brien series have been fully provided for. They will be produced in ample time for the season, and the distribution of the completed series of six.

PHOTOPLAYS
The following theatres obtain their pictures through the Stanley Company of America, which is a guarantee of early showing of the finest productions. Ask for the theatre in your locality obtaining pictures through the Stanley Company of America.

ALHAMBRA 12th, Morris & Passyunk Aves. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
WILLIAM S. HART
in "THE WHISTLE"

ALLEGHENY Frankford & Allegheny Aves. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
REGINALD BARRETT'S PRODUCTION
"THE OLD NEST"

APOLLO 525 & THOMPSON STS. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
ALL-STAR CAST
"THE GREAT DAY"

ARCADIA CHESTNUT 10th, 10th & 11th Aves. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
CONSTANCE TALMADGE
in "THE LAST CARD"

ASTOR FRANKLIN & GIRARD Aves. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
PAULINE FREDERICK
in "ROADS OF DESTINY"

BALTIMORE 51ST & BALTIMORE Aves. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
BERT LYTEL
in "A MESSAGE FROM MARS"

BENN 64TH AND WOODLAND Aves. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
THOMAS H. INCE
"THE BRONZE BELL"

BROADWAY Broad & Snyder Aves. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
WESLEY BARRY in "The Last Card"

CAPITOL 722 MARKET ST. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
RICHARD BARTHELMSS
"EXPERIENCE"

COLONIAL 4th & Maplewood Aves. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
RICHARD BARTHELMSS
"EXPERIENCE"

DARBY THEATRE 12th & Market Aves. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
ALTA CAST
"LOVE, HONOR AND OBEY"

EMPRESS MAIN ST. MARKET AVE. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
PAULINE FREDERICK
in "ROADS OF DESTINY"

FAIRMOUNT 26th & Girard Aves. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
MAY ALLISON
in "THE LAST CARD"

FAMILY THEATRE 12th & Market Aves. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
CARMEL MEYERS and Special Cast
"A Daughter of the Law"

56TH ST. THEATRE 56th Street 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
WESLEY BARRY in "The Last Card"

FRANKFORD 47th & Frankford Aves. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
ADDED—SURPRISE VAUDEVILLE
"THE OLD NEST"

GLOBE 59th & Market Sts. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
CHARLES RAY
in "THE OLD SWIMMER HOLE"

GRANT 4022 GIRARD AVE. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
JEANNE EAGLES and Special Cast
"The World and the Woman"

A GREAT ACTOR IN A NEW PART



TYRONE POWER, he of "Servant in the House"

fame, plays the role of a blind cobbler in a new Fox picture, "Footfalls." Would you ever think him a novice at the trade?

CONTINUED TOMORROW

Eugene O'Brien Shows

He's a Real Comedian

THE plans of Eugene O'Brien present intentions during the coming season include six features, starting with the release of "Clay Dollars" on October 20. In this production O'Brien under-

takes a line of screen portrayal that he has not previously essayed, and it is declared that as a light comedian the star scores as effectively as he does in romantic drama.

"Clay Dollars" was written by Lewis Allen Browne of the Selznick studio staff, with Mr. O'Brien particularly in mind. George Archainbaud directed and a fortunate selection of leading lady brings Ruth Dwyer back for the first time opposite the star.

Arthur Housman also has important supporting roles. "Chivalrous Charlie" has just been completed at Selznick's studio in Fort Lee, and is now in process of cutting and editing in preparation for its delivery to exchanges as the second number in the O'Brien series. Robert Bligh directed this May Tully story and the leading woman was Nancy Deaver, who, the Selznicks force believe, will develop into a serious find.

This week production begins at Fort Lee, under direction of Alan Crossland, on "Prophecy's Paradise," a story with a Arabian locale, with Mr. O'Brien playing the role of an Arabian Prince. This will be the third release in the new O'Brien series, and the second feature of the set to which Louis Allen Browne contributed the story. Though C. S. Montanye collaborated with Mr. Browne on "Prophecy's Paradise," the three remaining pictures in the O'Brien series have been fully provided for. They will be produced in ample time for the season, and the distribution of the completed series of six.

PHOTOPLAYS
The following theatres obtain their pictures through the Stanley Company of America, which is a guarantee of early showing of the finest productions. Ask for the theatre in your locality obtaining pictures through the Stanley Company of America.

ALHAMBRA 12th, Morris & Passyunk Aves. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
WILLIAM S. HART
in "THE WHISTLE"

ALLEGHENY Frankford & Allegheny Aves. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
REGINALD BARRETT'S PRODUCTION
"THE OLD NEST"

APOLLO 525 & THOMPSON STS. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
ALL-STAR CAST
"THE GREAT DAY"

ARCADIA CHESTNUT 10th, 10th & 11th Aves. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
CONSTANCE TALMADGE
in "THE LAST CARD"

ASTOR FRANKLIN & GIRARD Aves. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
PAULINE FREDERICK
in "ROADS OF DESTINY"

BALTIMORE 51ST & BALTIMORE Aves. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
BERT LYTEL
in "A MESSAGE FROM MARS"

BENN 64TH AND WOODLAND Aves. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
THOMAS H. INCE
"THE BRONZE BELL"

BROADWAY Broad & Snyder Aves. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
WESLEY BARRY in "The Last Card"

CAPITOL 722 MARKET ST. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
RICHARD BARTHELMSS
"EXPERIENCE"

COLONIAL 4th & Maplewood Aves. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
RICHARD BARTHELMSS
"EXPERIENCE"

DARBY THEATRE 12th & Market Aves. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
ALTA CAST
"LOVE, HONOR AND OBEY"

EMPRESS MAIN ST. MARKET AVE. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
PAULINE FREDERICK
in "ROADS OF DESTINY"

FAIRMOUNT 26th & Girard Aves. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
MAY ALLISON
in "THE LAST CARD"

FAMILY THEATRE 12th & Market Aves. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
CARMEL MEYERS and Special Cast
"A Daughter of the Law"

56TH ST. THEATRE 56th Street 10